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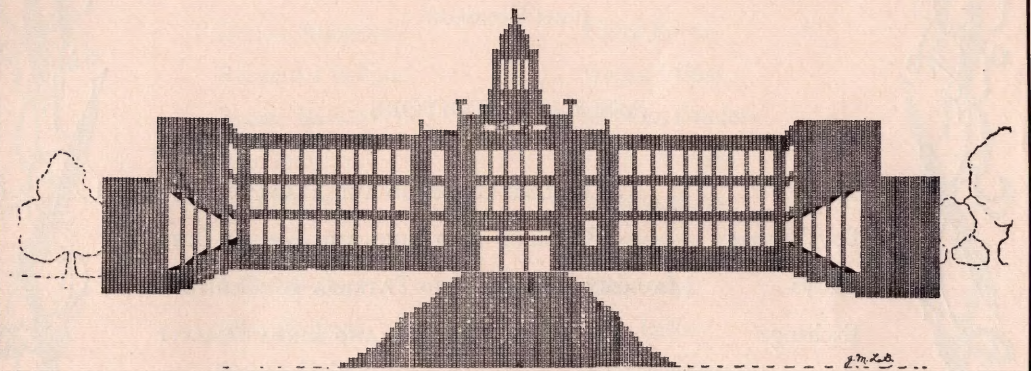
The Student's Pen

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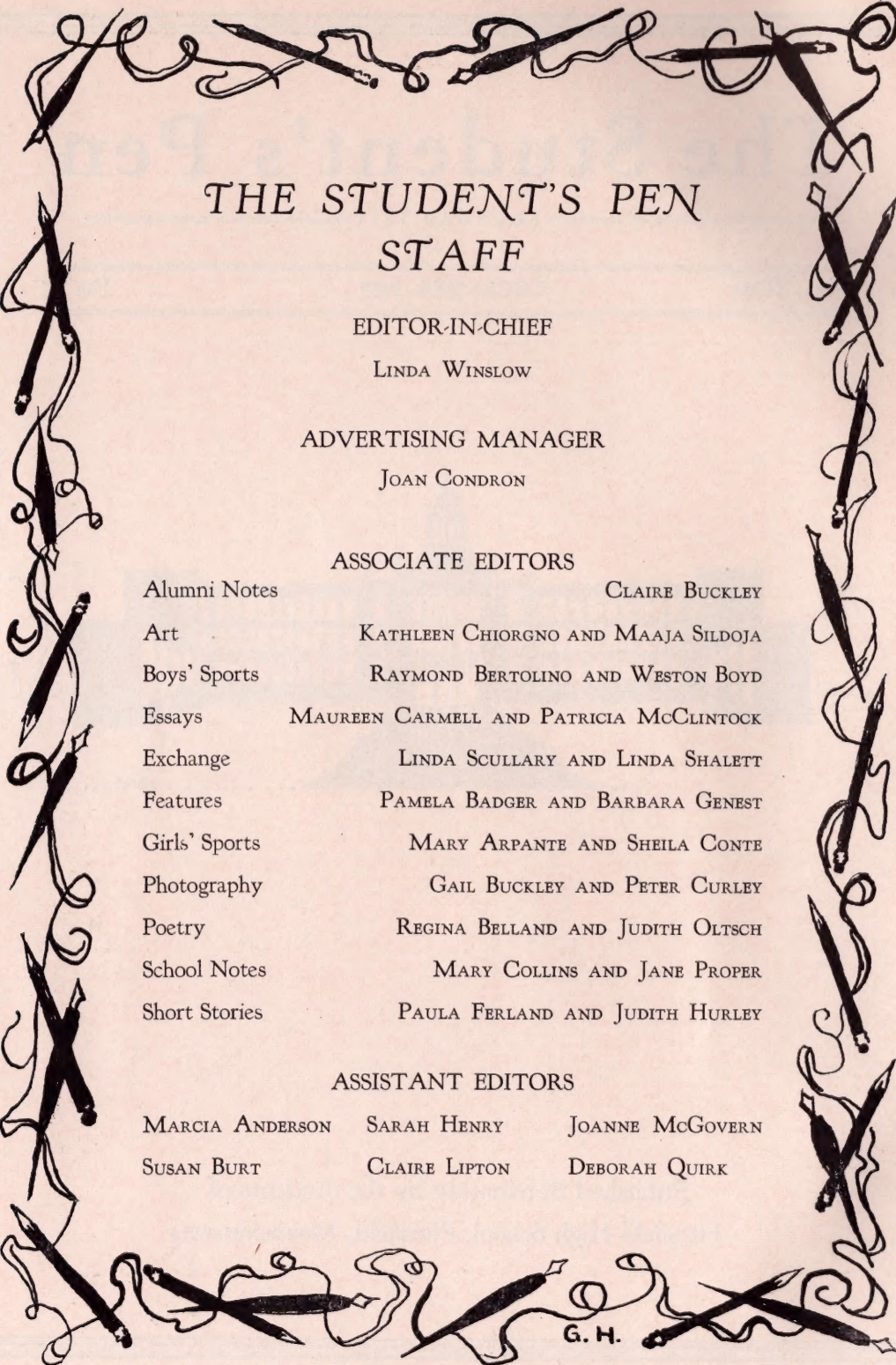
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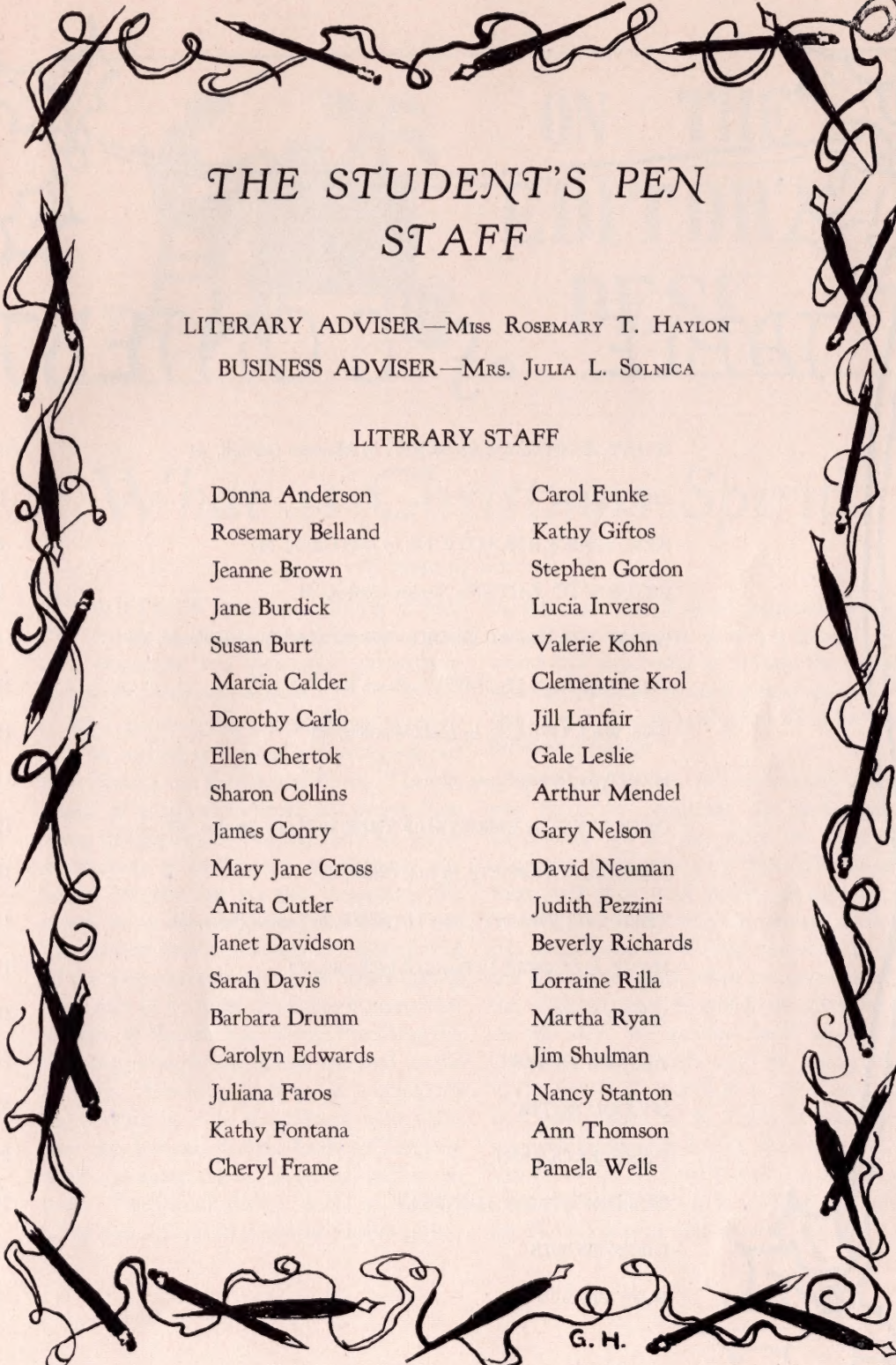
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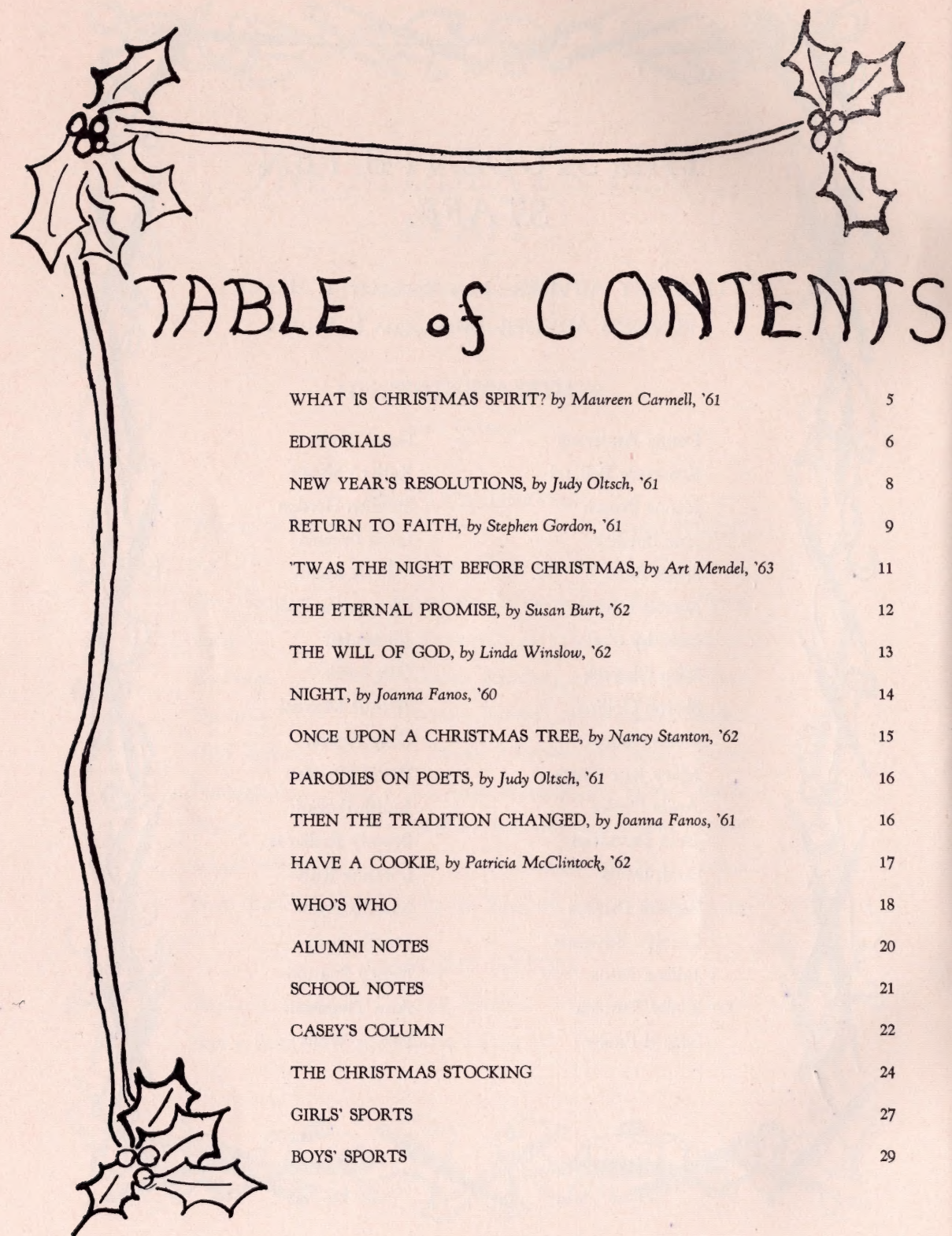
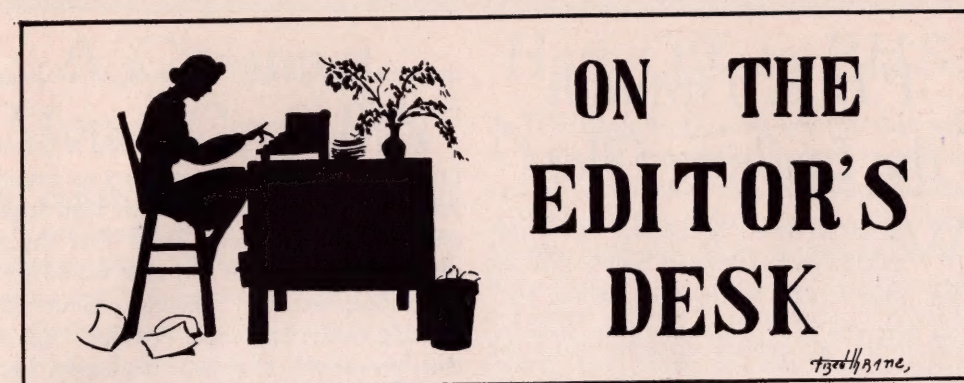


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What is Christmas Spirit?

By Maureen Carmell, '61

CHRISTMAS spirit is a feeling of generosity and happiness which we experience physically and spiritually, particularly during the Christmas season.

We experience this Christmas spirit physically by making or buying, and wrapping our own gifts for our friends and family. There is a kind of satisfaction which we derive from doing this for others. Another way we derive satisfaction is by helping to decorate the house. No one can say that decorating the house, as well as decorating the tree, is not fun. In fact, this is probably the most fun of all the preparation, because the whole family takes part in it. After the house is decorated, it seems so cheerful and pretty. Preparing the food is a job with which not everyone is able to help. However, it is a very enjoyable chore, which is often rewarding in more ways than one. It seems that the food on Christmas is always more exotic to see as well as to taste. Traditional dishes, such as turkey, mince pies, and all sorts of other dishes appear

on this day. All of these preparations come to a climax when we open our gifts. It is a wonderful experience to watch the expressions on each face as each gift is opened. At this time we truly appreciate all of our material preparation.

Spiritually we are able to feel the Christmas spirit by preparing our souls before Christmas. We do this when we share our happiness with others by cheerfully helping them with their work and by giving a bit of ourselves when we sing Christmas Carols in the neighborhood. We are also able to feel the Christmas spirit when we participate in the spiritual rewards which are given to us on this day. We acquire these benefits by attending our church and by taking part in the service at church in order to meditate on Christ's birth in the stable at Bethlehem nineteen hundred and sixty years ago, and to thank God for all of our physical and spiritual gifts, and to ask Him to let us keep this spirit for the whole new year ahead of us.

P.H.S. Through the Looking Glass

WE are all aware of the fact that Pittsfield High was recently host to visitors from other schools in the state, whose purpose here was to evaluate our classes, faculty, students, activities—in short, our entire school and its functioning. As this issue goes to press, we have no way of knowing what they thought of us, what they liked or disliked about the school in general. One thing we can be sure of, however; whatever they saw, it was the *best* P.H.S. had to offer.

Everyone in Pittsfield High can be proud of the general reaction of the students to these evaluators. We were courteous, helpful, and determined that these people were going to go home with a lasting good impression of our school. We cooperated with the faculty in keeping the lobby and halls free of congestion and even managed to adopt a more serious classroom attitude.

The only thing which, thus far, we can say the visitors seriously objected to was the quality of our oral classwork. Actually, it wasn't the classwork which bothered them, but the way in which it was delivered. Since the evaluators brought this point up, let's remember it. Let's try to give strong, clear answers or statements in class, and eliminate the mumbling and whispering which make it so hard to understand us.

This defect, however, is one which can be easily remedied with a little effort. For the most part, it is doubtful whether the evaluators found anything else to disapprove of vehemently, since we so diligently attempted to make our school look good, and fairly well succeeded. In fact, everyone did such a wonderful job of polishing the old "dome," the

question has arisen, "Why isn't it always like this?"

Well, why not? Don't you feel a certain pride when you know that everyone around you is truly acting like a *mature* high school student? Isn't it nice to know that anyone walking into P.H.S. at any time would see a systematic, smooth-running organization? Starting today, let's make Pittsfield High an even *greater* school than it is already. Let's make *every* week evaluation week!

'Congratulations to'

ON reviewing the past football season for P.H.S., it is evident that congratulations are in order. Congratulations to our boys, who we all believe played so well that they earned that trip to Miami; congratulations to our fine coaching staff which (everyone knows) is secretly responsible for most of our success; congratulations to everyone connected with our memorable football season; but particularly, congratulations to the student body!

We'll admit that for a while the lack of enthusiasm at Pittsfield High had us worried. However, just as a rolling snowball picks up additional support as it gathers momentum, so too our team added more and more rooters as it blazed its way to glory.

Although it's true that the turn-out for the St. Joe rally after school was slightly discouraging, the enthusiasm was *anything* but disheartening. Those who attended shook the rafters with their cheering. And the attendance at the St. Joe game, the last of the season? Well, you must have seen for yourself, because nearly the entire school was crowded into the Pittsfield bleachers.

Congratulations again on your fine show of spirit, and don't forget—Pittsfield High also has a "winning" basketball team. With you cheering for them, we could send them to the Western Massachusetts finals on spirit *alone*!

A Christmas Money Can't Buy

A COMPLAINT too often voiced and not heeded is one regarding the over-commercialization of Christmas. Nowadays, it seems that Thanksgiving is hardly over before the stores start hoisting up their strands of sparkling lights and jolly Santas, and the radio announcer begins inserting "thirty-six shopping days left" between every other sentence. Almost every store has its "merry old Saint Nicholas" who, for a mere twenty-five cents, will bounce Johnny in his lap and point out the lovely, twenty-five dollar machine gun on the shelf which he might tell Mommy to give him for Christmas. Last minute shoppers are all around you—jostling, elbowing, kicking, doing everything in their power to get what they want and "scram."

On how many faces do you see a calm, happy expression such as our grandfathers wore at Christmas time? Not very many, because for most people Christmas has become a trying time which involves vying with a hundred other people for the *best* tree in the lot, or running oneself ragged trying to remember what Uncle Henry gave us last year, and how much we have to spend on him this year. Thanks to the advertisements, the true spirit of Christmas has been lost in the shuffle.

Today, nearly everyone spends more time worrying about what to give whom, and what will be received from whom, than they do contemplating the real meaning behind Christmas. Hardly anyone stops to remember that this should be a time of peace and enjoyment for all, *not* one of striving for material satisfactions. Perhaps if they did this, the outcome would surprise even them. Why don't you try it, and see for yourself?

Hats Off to PHS

NOVEMBER 30, 1960, is a day that will long be remembered by many people as another milestone in the illustrious history of Pittsfield High School. On that day, Mr. Milton Lindholm, Dean of Admissions at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine, presented our school with the Bates' President's Award. Materially, what he handed Mr. Hennessey amounted to a simple inscribed plaque, signed by the president of the college.

This plaque, however, was much more significant than just another award to add to our long list of past triumphs and trophies. It was awarded on the basis of the combined scholastic average of three P.H.S. graduates at Bates, whose marks yielded the highest combined average of three representatives from *any* of the eighty or more high schools with alumni at Bates. These three students—Bill Holt, Adelaide Dorfman and Barbara McMorris—have proven that many Pittsfield High graduates are *quite* capable of holding their own among fellow college students.

The significance of their achievement is made all the more impressive when one considers the past recipients of the award. Last year, the honor went to the Boston Public Latin School. Before that, for *seven* straight years, the President's Award was given to the Springfield Classical High School. That P.H.S. should be listed among such distinguished company is indeed an honor, and one we should all be proud of. It indicates that ours is not just an athletic institution, whose teams triumph, but a high school which can, and *does*, impart an outstanding educational background to her students!



God Bless Us, Everyone

AS the Christmas season approaches, a common topic of conversation in churches, schools, businesses—in nearly every organization in every part of the world—is the brotherhood of *all* men, regardless of race, creed or color. Certainly this is a subject which needs to be kept in mind, particularly in so turbulent a world as ours is today. But let's apply it to an area more familiar to each of us—our school. And while we're at it, let's add one more characteristic to be disregarded—a person's grade.

By this I mean, not academic grades (although they, too, should not alone influence your feelings toward a person), but class grades—sophomore, junior and senior. Of course, in any school, or any business organization for that matter, there is bound to be a certain amount of discrimination between those of more experience and those of less. Yet this feeling is, for the most part, confined to good-natured rivalry. In any case, it should not be carried to such an extent that each group feels nothing but envy and bitterness towards the other. When this happens, the whole purpose of the organization is defeated.

In a fairly large school, such as P.H.S., this can, and unfortunately, does happen. Students become more obsessed with whether or not a person is a senior (or sophomore or junior) than with whether or not he possesses any other qualities which could be of use to them and to the school. They fail to measure a person's value according to his true worth, but instead according to whether or not he "is one of us."

As is usually the case in world discrimination, these are the opinions of the minority. Still, their actions cause so much hurt that they affect nearly everyone. This Christmas, and all year too, let's celebrate the brotherhood of mankind—regardless of race, creed, color or grade.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

By Judy Oltsch, '61

I

I would greet each new day in awe and wonder;
I would feel the world vibrant and active around me,
And hear its sounds to the very depths of my being;—
I would be grateful for the moist blackness of the fertile earth,
And the abundant fruits of the rolling seas.
I would stand in the silver rain and count it as precious as gold;
I would rejoice in the warmth of the summer sun
And the coolness of the wind playing in the trees.
My heart would lift at the lilting song of a bird,
And laugh with a woodland brook, cool, crisp, and clear.

II

I would love man for his faults, not in spite of them;
I would respect the opinions of whomever I meet, wherever I may go;
I would kneel in prayer and work beside every man as my brother—
To be given courage, not pity; deep understanding, not mere tolerance; love, not senseless hatred.
I would be persistent in my work, aware of its significance, however small it may seem;
I would be humble, patient, and compassionate; strong, wise, and just;
I would seek always the profound meaning of life;
I would keep faith in myself, in others, and in God.



Return to Faith

By Stephen Gordon, '61

THE light was receding quite rapidly behind the hill; and the smell of mistletoe, candy canes, chocolates, together with crackling fires and laughter, introduced the long-awaited Christmas Eve in the town of Whittingham, on the outskirts of London. By this time a myriad of snow flakes had already accumulated on the main street, where children were having merry snowball fights, and gay crowds were preparing for their traditional caroling.

The beautiful and colorful decorations in the street almost entirely hid the only shop without ornamentation—that of Lanther Dunning. It was five years since his wife and child had been fatally injured when a wagon of Yule logs overturned on them. Dunning had acquired a bitter hatred toward Christmas, anything it stood for, and even toward God.

Don Tyres was prancing down the street by all the gaily decorated shops, whistling carols and lifting his blithe face toward the steeple of the church. He paused when he approached the dark, almost gloomy clock shop of Lanther Dunning. Although he realized it was useless, he decided to go in. Following the tinkling of the bell over the door, not, incidentally, for the purpose of the present season, he shouted, "A Merry Christmas to ye", Lanther."

"'allo," was the quiet, tired reply.

"I—I thought it might be kind of nice to have ye' along this blessed Christmas Eve a'carolin' with us, Lan."

Dunning didn't look up from the small watch he was working on, but answered, "Don't be foolish. I've better things to do than to chirp all night. 'Sides, I've given it all up; ye' know that. I hate the meaning of it all."

"Well, I thought I'd only ask, that's all. One should think that ye'd change ye'r mind after a while."

"Ye' know the story. I don't have to tell ye'. Ye' were there."

"Yes, I was there, and I feel terribly sorry for ye"

"I don't want pity, ye' hear! I don't want pity!"

"I'm sorry, Lan, but I do wish ye'd come."

All that could be heard was the crackling of the fire in the hearth at the back of the room and the shouts of the children outdoors. But no answer from Lanther.

"All right, all right, if that's the way ye' want it. But if ye' change ye'r mind at all, let me know." At that young Don left, continuing his slightly flat whistling down the street.

The mournful Lanther, lifting his head

momentarily, put his careworn, red-cheeked face back to the watch, just as Reverend Learing of the town church walked in.

"Merry Christmas, Lanther," called the clergyman.

"Good afternoon, Reverend."

"I've only a moment, but I want to make sure that ye'll be in church tomorrow."

"Of course not. Ye' know very well that I haven't been there in the past five years, nor will I be there in the next five. And nothing ye' say can change my mind."

"I feel sorry for ye', Lanther. A man without faith is a man without God."

"Is that supposed to mean anything to me, Reverend?" Lanther asked.

"I certainly hope it does," replied the clergyman earnestly. "But I'd still like to see ye' in church on the Savior's birthday. Actually, I don't think it matters what ye' celebrate or believe in, as long as ye' remember God, and trust in Him, and have faith in Him. As long as you have faith, that's all. But enough with that. I must hurry. Preparations for the service, ye' know. Merry Christmas to ye'." With that, he hastened out the door and down the street to the church.

"Humph, faith!" grumbled Lanther. By this time he had put out the fire and made a final check before closing. The hill, which he had to cross to reach his house (a dwelling remote from the rest of the town), was almost shrouded in darkness as he stepped into the street. Because he had no boots and was wearing only a thin coat, the biting cold was as unwelcome to him as the wind and snow. But he trudged on, slipping here, falling there.

He had been walking for about fifteen minutes when he lost his shoe in a snow drift. Since the blizzard made it impossible to find, he decided to continue, although he had long since lost the path. Suddenly, he stepped into a fur trap with his bare foot. He screamed, while a gush of blood dyed the snow beneath him. Fortunately, he was able

to open the trap, but he could not walk without assistance. Crawling for a couple of yards, he decided it was useless. A steady stream of blood was pouring from the gash now, indicating a possible vein puncture. The pain was unbearable.

After about two hours, he realized that if he weren't found soon, he'd sure die from loss of blood or freeze to death. Calling for help was ridiculous, because the howling wind simply blew his words back down his throat. He knew now that he was going to die. Barely conscious, he began to cry amidst his shivering and pain. Almost without realizing it, he began to pray. "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name . . ." He had recited the entire prayer twice, when it was miraculously answered. A young boy of twelve called out, "Is anyone there?"

"Here I am! Here I am!" Lanther screamed. The boy approached, cold himself, and extended his arms, helping Lanther from the ground.

"I found a shoe a few yards down the hill, and thought it was possible that someone was hurt."

"I'm thankful ye're a clever boy, my son. Help me to the other side of the hill, and I'll be able to make it the rest of the way to my house."

"Nonsense, sir. I'll bring ye' all the way. It's a jolly good matter that ye' lost yer way, sir."

Ten minutes later, Lan was near a fire that the boy had started in his fireplace. Johnny Tolroy, the young Samaritan, had put a bandage on Lan's foot. "Well, I had better be running now, my mother's probably worried sick about me."

"Ye' can't leave without a little tea," Lanther urged. "It's the least I can offer ye' for saving my life."

"Oh, thank ye' just the same, sir, but as it is, I'll have twenty lashes, if one." Before Lanther could say another word, the boy had

his coat on and had opened the door. "Merry Christmas to ye' sir," he called.

For several seconds, Lanther stared at him, the light of realization and returning faith creeping slowly into his face. At last he said softly, "Merry Christmas to ye', too, my son."

"Oh, no," replied the boy, "to me it is a 'Happy Hanukkah'." With a cheerful smile on his face, he said, "But chiefly there's no difference. My faith in celebrating the victory of the Maccabees over Antiochus is the same as yours in celebration of your Savior's birthday." A moment's pause was followed by a soft tone.

"Happy Hanukkah," replied Lanther with a deep, broad smile on his face. "May faith in God be with ye'." With this, the boy repeated his Christmas greeting blithely and left.

Following Johnny Tolroy's departure, Lanther Dunning broke out in tears, perhaps in merriment, perhaps in gratitude for his life, perhaps in gratitude for faith. But he knew one thing. He'd be the loudest singer in church the next day, standing more staunchly than anyone else. Yes, his faith would tower above any other's.

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

By Art Mendel, '63

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house,
A scream blurted out,
Mom had just seen a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the fire,
So they couldn't be missed,
And the end of my stocking,
Was burnt to a crisp.

The children were nestled
Snug in their beds,
While visions of Elvis
Rocked in their heads.

My Ma in her P.J.'s
And I in my cap,
Had conked off to sleep,
For a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn,
There arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed,
To see what was the matter.

Away to the window
I flew like a flash
Just in time to hear
A deafening crash.

Santa slid from the roof,
And, boy, did he go!
He ended up, head first,
In a large bank of snow.

Just two little feet,
Sticking up in the air,
I went down to help him
Without moments to spare.

He went right to his work,
With a quickening pace,
Tripped over the rug,
And fell flat on his face.

After finishing his job,
He left by the front way,
Gave a sigh of relief
And started his sleigh.

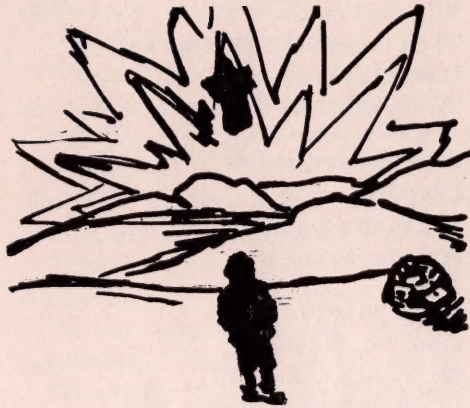
He climbed into his sleigh,
To his team gave a whistle,
And they all flew away,
Like the down of a thistle.

Flying low was his fault,
He hated it most,
He and his reindeer crashed
Into the lamp post.

No toys next year,
For Tom, Ann, and Jack,
For after this experience
Santa's flat on his back.

The Eternal Promise

By Susan Burt, '62



ONCE long ago in the frigid, freezing lands of the north lived a man. To keep warm, he wore beautiful, soft, warm furs. But if you could have looked under all these furs, you would have seen an unhappy, despairing man.

Once this man had been a happy man, whose blessings from the Lord were many. He had loved to count them, even the smallest, thanking God for each one—his loving wife, their healthy children, the house, food, laughter, their charity for all. His quiet assurance and faith were a tower of strength and courage to all who met him. This man's religion was not the technical, complicated religion of many of the highly civilized peoples, but a worship and love born spontaneously and simply of the heart.

One grey evening, however, Death extended its claws, touching all in the village—some lightly, hurting others deeply. Smallpox, that raging wildcat that kills for the lust of the slaughter, took the man's wife and children, and left its mark on the man, not on his flesh, but in his soul. He tried to convince himself that this was the will of God, and the ways of the Lord are obscure. He tried to comfort himself saying, "Perhaps the Lord wanted them up in Heaven to keep

Him company." But in spite of this, his faith began to topple.

Gone now was the laughter from his blue eyes. Gone was the smile that had lightened the burden of life for all who met him. Gone was the bubbling, rich laugh that had brought joy and mirth to his listeners. Gone was the soul of a happy man who had loved God and life. In its place lay a lump of stone, feeling little, caring less. Travelers, neighbors, and friends still came to his house, and were still received graciously, out of habit and a lingering love for mankind. These people wondered at the change in the man and tried to coax him out of this pit of despair and failed. They grew fearful.

One evening, long after the dark had settled its black cloak over the land, there came a knock at the door. He opened the door to a traveler covered with a blanket of snow, half frozen, and weary. The man saw with half wonder that the traveler was a young man, yet marked with the scars of age, as if he had known more burdens and sufferings than should any one man.

"A young-old man," the man laughed bitterly to himself. "What now? Am I going mad, too?" But he carefully and gently helped the traveler inside, made him as comfortable as was possible, and left him to get some hot food. When he returned with a steaming bowl of broth, he stared in horror at the traveler, for he was feebly trying to dress a multitude of wounds—in his hands, feet, and side. For the first time since the death of his wife and children he was moved, terribly moved, with compassion. He rushed off to get bandages and to heat water from melted snow. It was the best he could do. Carefully and tenderly he bound the raw wounds.

After the traveler had eaten and rested,

The Will of God

By Linda Winslow, '62

he seemed remarkably recovered, and acted as though he wished to talk. And talk he did. The man at first was amazed at how much the traveler knew about him—his life, his family, the disease, his despair. Then he ceased to wonder as the traveler spoke on. It was as though his quiet, musical voice were weaving a magic pathway back to life again, to faith again.

The traveler arose and walked firmly and steadily toward the door. He did not limp. Disregarding the bitter, killing cold, they walked outside bare-headed and without coats. Without a word, the traveler pointed to the great expanse of dark sky. And suddenly the man realized that a soft, shimmering light filled the heavens, illuminating earth and sky in its glowing radiance, softly undulating, giving the feeling of holy peace and truth. Then he realized. With a cry he fell to his knees, worshipping. He felt a gentle hand on his head, and the quiet, calm voice saying, "Peace be with you now, my beloved brother, and forever more. Look thee from now to Heaven." The tears coursed down the man's cheeks, freezing unheeded, as his heart filled with shame, penitence, and overwhelming love. When he raised his head to speak, no one was there, save footprints with the stain of blood. And he raised his head yet further to see again the heavens alight with the promise of God, and when he fancied he saw a holy soul joyfully winging its way to join the Father, he knew that he had seen Truth.

* * * * *

These same lights may be seen today in the still, dark of the night. Today, however, scientists call them the Aurora Borealis, caused by electricity passing through particles in highly rarified air. This may be true, but oh, what an inhuman way of explaining it. Cannot it be said that it is the handiwork of God, His creation in all its glowing glory, His proof of His infinite love for mankind? The great Star of old may have vanished long ago, but the great Lights burn on for Eternity.

IT was Christmas Eve, and outside in the street a light snow was softly falling. Gay crowds of homeward-bound shoppers and workers, intoxicated with the holiday spirit, wended their ways through the busy traffic. The usual myriad of city lights, made even more dazzling by the brilliant addition of many-hued Christmas displays, fought a winning battle with the gathering dusk. Auto horns honked and drivers leaned out car windows to shout cheery greetings to old acquaintances. Here and there a snowball whizzed by as the boys on the corner hurled well-aimed missiles at one another. Yes, it was Christmas Eve in the city—a time for gaiety, for rejoicing, and for thankfulness.

But up in a small room of the Municipal Hospital, there was no gaiety, nor rejoicing, nor thankfulness. The semi-darkness of the room enveloped the bed and its tiny occupant in its cloak. It gathered to its breast also the frail and delicate mother sitting beside the bed. And when a nurse came into the room, the darkness wrapped her, too, in its coat of obscurity.

The mother heard the door open each time the nurse entered, she heard the soft "squish, squish," of her rubber-soled shoes as she crossed the floor, and she heard the rattle of sterilized instruments being shifted in their containers. Yet actually, the mother heard nothing—nothing, save the tortured breathing of that tiny child upon the bed.

Only when she recognized the measured tread of the doctor, making his regular check on the patient, did she raise her eyes from that beloved face upon the pillow, so sick and feverish looking for one which had once been rosy and plump-cheeked. Each time her eyes asked the same question, the question her tongue refused to pronounce, "Will he live, doctor? Will he live?" And each time the good doctor, his heart flooded with pity,

would shake his head uncertainly. How was he to know the answer to a question which no mortal man could know? By all medical calculations, this child should have died long ago. His illness had passed beyond the point of treatment. Something still bound him to the land of the living, but that something was in the hands of a far greater Power than he. All he could do was wait.

As the shadows of dusk gradually lengthened into night, the mother sat unmoving by the bedside in constant vigil, clutching one small hand in her own, and praying with all the fervor in her body for a miracle which would bring her son through this crisis alive. Her thoughts wandered back to the year before, to the last Christmas Eve. She saw them all—the boy, his two sisters, their father, herself—secretly scurrying off, each to his own private nook, to finish wrapping one final package or tying on one last bow. She saw the suppressed merriment in each pair of eyes as they watched one another shaking packages under the tree in an attempt to guess the contents. She saw the three red stockings hanging from the chimney, tacked there by eager little hands.

And then she looked at the wasted figure on the bed, and all but cried out in her agony. She saw Christmas Eve a year from then, with three little stockings still hanging from the chimney; one, however, had not been placed there by eager, childish hands. A mother's work-worn fingers had tacked it there in memory of the child who no longer was alive to do it himself.

"Dear God!" she cried desperately. "All Merciful God, why must this be? Surely, surely my son will not be taken from me, not this night or any night. Surely he will be allowed to grow into and enjoy his manhood!"

In the stillness which followed her overwrought plea, she heard no sound but the child's breathing, which suddenly seemed to have become nearly as regular as her own.

Her heart pounded with joy—perhaps she was to be blessed with a Christmas miracle! The doctor entered the room, and she pleaded with him to verify the miracle. Indeed, the child's breathing seemed to have miraculously become nearly normal. The medical mind, however, cried out,

"No! No! It can not happen tonight! She does not know it is the way of the sickness. This is the end. How strange are the designs of the Divine." Even as he thought this, the doctor saw a change come over the child on the bed. His face seemed to radiate with a ephemeral light, then the light went out.

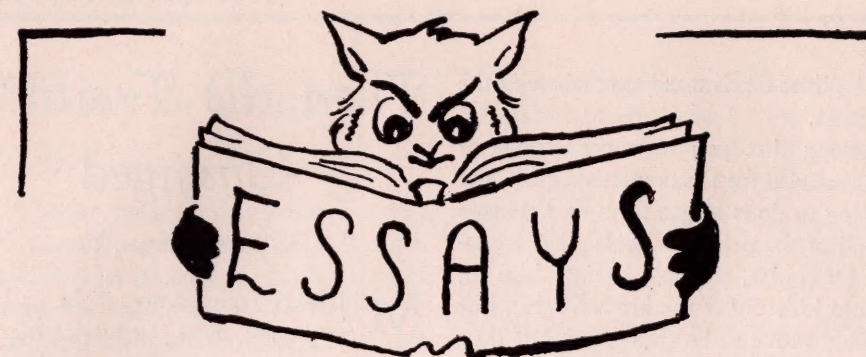
The darkness of the room gathered the bed and the child into its cloak of obscurity. Outside, a light snow was tickling the windowpane, but inside the only sounds were the heart-rending sobs of a mother.



NIGHT

By Joanna Fanos, '60

Still
So very still
Is the night.
The black and white
Panorama
Is soft and
Gentle.
Reflections begin
In the now unhurried
Mind of man.
Slumber
Waits, patiently,
To overpower
All.



Once Upon a Christmas Tree

By Nancy Stanton, '62

MANY people enjoy decorating their Christmas tree, but our family for some reason gets violently nervous when the time comes to haul out the decorations. I'd like to pass on some helpful advice that we've had to learn the hard way.

Let us assume that your tree is already in a stand in your living room. This will eliminate a few heartbreaking scenes, but will, unfortunately, include the most desperate.

You must start by cutting part of the top off the tree, before it punctures a hole in the ceiling. After all, you've just finished patching up the hole from last Christmas.

Down the attic stairs skips your dear old Dad, grinning from ear to ear as he precariously balances one of the boxes of decorations on his head and four more in his arms. Meanwhile, your Mom is laboriously trudging behind him with a tiny box of clips for the ornaments. When they come to a halt in the middle of the living room, they carefully unload the boxes and the fun begins.

Now you have the task of getting settled on the floor without breaking too many light bulbs. When and if you get the strings of

lights untangled, someone, I tell you, *someone* will decide that the tree is lopsided. Down the cellar stairs flies your father to find his drill (a process that takes approximately fifteen minutes) so that he can drill a hole into the trunk and stick a branch into it (this hasn't worked before). You are delegated to hold the tree while your father drills. So there you stand, chomping on pine needles and ducking the branches weaving in and out of your glasses, when the phone rings. It's for you. But afterwards, when you get back to your job, I want to offer one word of precaution: DON'T LEAN ON THE PICTURE WINDOW, even if you are being crowded.

Now the family pet walks in and tries his luck at climbing the tree. Having been promptly discouraged, he defiantly marches over to the neat little strings of light bulbs and, after sniffing suspiciously, plops down on top of them. Of course you know the rest of the story. As he is driven off, one foot becomes entangled in one little string and fouls up the whole works. So there you stand, crying hysterically, while Bing Crosby calmly

croons "White Christmas" somewhere in the background.

Assuming that you have the strings of lights untangled for the umpteenth time, the next thing to do is to get them on that tree before all of the neighbors' kids come trooping in. Of course, to avoid letting them in, you could hide under the kitchen table, but this would prove to be embarrassing if they decided to come in anyway.

Next on the agenda is hanging the ornaments and all of the other paraphernalia on the tree. This is the best part of all, because then you can see right before your eyes a skinny, undernourished shrub transformed into a beautiful, although perhaps overburdened, tree.

Last of all come those beautiful, shimmering, shiny, shivering icicles. Now I don't see why it wouldn't be all right, and certainly much easier, to just stand there and throw the stuff. But objections fly from all corners of the house if I start doing this. "The tinsel will get overheated if it lands on a light bulb, and it'll catch fire and burn the house down." There are other excuses too, of course, but this is the most fantastic.

By the way, will anyone wishing to send me a Christmas card this year please address it to Crane Avenue instead of to our old house? The other was burned down last Christmas.

PARODIES ON POETS

By Judy Oltsch, '61

I do love the walrus
Who even though he feels
Tired and out of sorts
Just as much as the rest of us,
Doesn't sit around
Looking
Dolrus.

(Ogden Nash)

Then the Tradition Changed

By Joanna Fanos, '61

MODERN conveniences light and heat our homes, make our work easier, and bring us entertainment. This is all for our benefit; but there is one time which would, in my opinion, be happier without them—Christmas. If you were to ask your parents about their Christmas day, you would probably find they had a much more joyful time than you do now. The explanation of this is simple.

Forty years ago, citizens obtained their Christmas tree in the woods by using an axe. Tying it on a sled, they dragged it the two-mile hike home. They had a wreath as we do today. However, theirs was composed of evergreen, which they had plucked from trees in the woods, and berries which they had found. Trimming the tree was another pleasant occupation. They strung popcorn and cranberries about the tree, and added stars made of paper. Christmas day found a myriad of children, aunts, uncles, cousins, dogs, and cats merrily clustered in the house. The woman of the house spent part of the day in the kitchen completing her two-day preparations for the feast. Lastly, there is the case of the presents, perhaps one or two for each child. Again, some of the gifts were handmade. No wonder the people appreciated them more than we do, with our multitude of fine-quality gifts.

Today this spirit of happiness and togetherness has been pretty well diluted. What America needs to restore her Christmas spirit is a good "old-fashioned" Christmas such as was celebrated forty years ago.

Have a Cookie

By Patricia McClintock, '62

AT about three o'clock yesterday afternoon my mother persuaded me to bake some Christmas cookies. Now, that in itself is not a great feat. You just mix the ingredients in a bowl, cut out trees and Santas, pop them in the oven, and in fifteen minutes or so, presto! the cookie jar is full. At least that's the way it usually happens. Yesterday it was something else again.

First of all, my eight-year-old sister, Janie, asked if she could help. Mentally I rubbed my hands together, thinking of the dirty-work I'd "let" her do. She could grease the pans, crack the eggs, measure the shortening, etc. Hah!

First she greased the baking sheets—artistically, in fancy swirls. Unfortunately, the sleeves of her bathrobe dragged in the pans a little. (How do I know why she was wearing a bathrobe at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon? Maybe she was cold.)

Just then the telephone rang, and, of course, it was for me. While I chatted, I broke the eggs by remote control, through Jane. Unfortunately, that involved more "remote" than "control." I was able to get most of the egg off the counter, the cabinet door, the inside of the silverware drawer, and the floor, although this operation was hindered unbelievably by Janie's three-month-old puppy, who was confined to the kitchen.

The remaining ingredients were added without mishap, and I managed to cut out the cookies and get them into the oven. Janie helped greatly with her advice, such as, "Mommy always tells me not to touch the dough," or "You'd better turn on the oven before you put the cookies in."

It took us only one hour and fifteen minutes to make 33 cookies.

Now they're out of the oven, and Janie wants me to help decorate them with colored frosting. I'd really love to help, but I just have to wash my hair now. I seem to have gotten flour in it, somehow.

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

By Judy Oltsch, '61

There's something strange about this season—I can't quite explain the reason.
Stores and homes are subtly brighter,
Darkest cares a little lighter.
People glad just to be living
Are more gentle and forgiving.
And it seems, though try he may
One can have no foes this day.

PARODIES ON POETS

By Judy Oltsch, '61

I am an iceberg.
Child of the north winds,
Swiftly and strongly
I push my might forward
And advance.

(Carl Sandburg)



? ! WHO'S



PAM BADGER

"A" for "active" is the mark that Pam Badger deserves. At present she is history editor for the yearbook and co-editor of Features for THE STUDENT'S PEN. English and math honors are on her academic schedule while she also participates in Cadettes, G.A.A. and Pep Club. Pam enjoys participating in team sports and has been a member of the hockey team for the past three years. Since English is her favorite subject, Pam will probably major in it in College.



FRANK MONTEROSSO

Frank Monterosso is a very busy senior. Besides being treasurer of the Senior class, he is president of the Pep Club and circulation editor of the yearbook. He is also the Pittsfield High student director for the Hi Fi Club. In his junior year he was chairman of publicity for the Junior Prom and in the Senior Class play, *Brigadoon*. When Frank graduates, he plans to go into Public Relations.



REGINA BELLAND

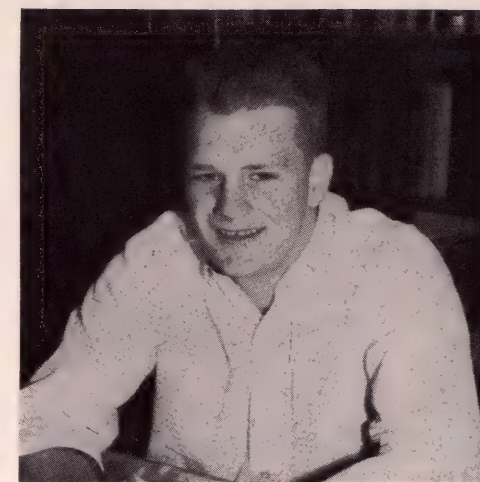
Meet Regina Belland, the poetry-writing whiz-kid. This popular and energetic Senior English Honors student was in her sophomore year a homeroom representative, was on the girls' volleyball team, and was a contributing editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN. In her junior year she was an Associate Editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN. This year she is the chairman of the Dedication Committee for the yearbook and the poetry editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN. She has been a member of the band for three years and a member of the orchestra for two years.

WHO ! ?

BRUCE THOMSON

Wizzzz . . . that was a hockey puck . . . and there goes Bruce Thomson, Senior Class president, in hot pursuit.

There is no limit to the variety of this versatile senior's activities. If you don't remember seeing him on the hockey rink last year, maybe you saw him on the football field getting his share of the bumps and bruises. Aside from sports, Bruce plays the piano, organ, and sings in the Choraleers. Bruce's scholastic achievements include math and science honors.



MARY COLLINS

One popular member of the Senior Class is Mary Collins. Mary is co-editor of School Notes for THE STUDENT'S PEN and co-editor of Class Statistics for the yearbook. She is also on the Election Committee. Last year Mary was co-chairman of the Junior Prom, an associate editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN and a member of the Class Council. She has been a member of the G.A.A. for three years and the Pep Club for two years. An English Honors student,

MARK BELANGER AND LARRY DOUGHTY

These two cheerful faces are those of Larry Doughty and Mark Belanger, the co-captains of our basketball team. Both boys have served as homeroom representatives and as members of the Student Council.

Last year Larry was a Junior Class representative to Boy's State. He was head of the House Committee and on the decorating committee for the Junior Prom.

Mark is a junior in the technical course. He is not only a terrific basketball player but also an able baseball player.



Alumni Notes

Since the answers to our last question (i.e.: "What was your first impression of college?") are still coming in from the members of the Class of 1960, we decided to print a few more of these. Here then, are the reactions of two more freshmen girls who have taken the big step from high school to college.

BEVERLY BRENT—University of Massachusetts

"I find I am kept very busy, especially with exams. My first impression of the U. of M. was, 'How big!' It was so different coming from a high school in which you know practically everyone, to a college in which you know hardly anyone.

"The work is difficult, but this is due to the fact that it is so long and tedious. Freshmen find it also very difficult to sit down and study with complete concentration, because there is so much to distract your attention.

"I really love it here—the campus, the kids, and just everything in general are wonderful—everything except the food!

"My only advice is to study hard and to get prepared for the big step which lies between high school and college."

SHEILA KAY—Smith College

"During the first days of happy, bustling activity, I realized Smith promised to be all I had hopefully anticipated. Everything from the beauty of the traditional New England campus to the friendly, cooperative spirit and genuine enthusiasm of both faculty and students had me—and nearly every one of the 709 freshmen—exclaiming frequently, 'It's wonderful!'"

Math teacher: (Trying to illustrate a direction problem) "If you stood with your back to the north and your face to the south, what would be on your left hand?"
Ray Woitkowski: (brightly) "Fingers!"

EVALUATION WEEK

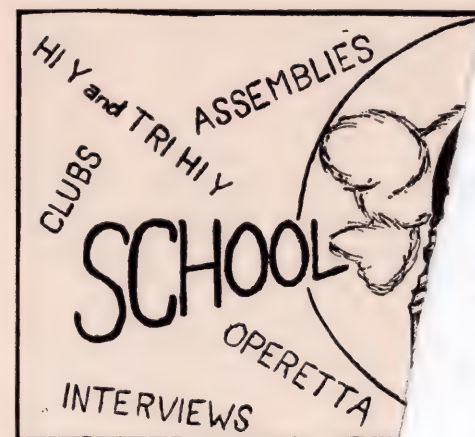
On October 24, 25 and 26 the students and faculty of P.H.S. underwent a totally new experience. During this period a group of about thirty men and women, teachers from several schools in the Berkshire County area, observed our school in operation and prepared an evaluation thereof.

The members of the Student Council very obligingly donated their morning or afternoon class time to showing these people around the building. The evaluators also conferred with student representatives from nearly every extra-curricular activity, who tried to answer any questions they might have had about our outside activity program.

This evaluation survey was started a few years ago in an effort to raise the standards of secondary schooling. Since it is conducted on a ten-year rotation basis, our school will be evaluated again in 1970.

Although the results of this survey have not been revealed as we go to press, they probably will be in the near future. However, by eavesdropping, we were able to pick up many compliments and only a few criticisms. For one, the evaluators complained of our students' inarticulate replies in class and the general unwillingness to *speak up*. That we can remedy easily. Let's start now!

Instructor (to student driver): Use your noodle, son; use your noodle."
Toni Ryan (nervously): "Gosh? Where is it! I've pushed and pulled every gadget on this car."



SENIOR CLASS ACTIVITIES

The Senior Class Council, social election, appointed the following chairmen:

Christmas Program: Gerald T. Jean McEneany

Christmas Decorations: John F. Rosemary Trepacz

Cap and Gown Committee: Paul and Judy Norton

Class Play: Weston Boyd and Nini Lardini

Class Day Program: George Slocum and Judy Martino

Senior Prom: Mary-Jane White and Dr. Ahern

Senior Banquet: Donna Anderson and John Cuthbertson

The members of the Council include: Julius Rosier, Gordon La Plante, Pete Kulis, Pete Valez, William Hart, Frank Pettridge, Richard Berry, Lane Voloscove, Harvey Garbarsky, Bonnie Denison, Arlene Arienti, Barbara Bouley, Sandra Case, Barbara Dupuis, Patricia Garrity, Janet Haims, Sarah Henry, Carmen Lemone, Jean McEneany, Judith Norton, Vivian Packard, Linda Reynolds, Linda Shalett, Joyce Zaorski, Anne Spagnola, Rebecca Tuttle, Robert Cannon, Richard Ahern, Joseph Bilotta, William Chiodo, John Cuthbertson, Joseph Elso, William

RALLY DANCE

Thursday night, November 10, the annual P.H.S.-St. Joe rally dance was held at the Girls Club. Frank Monterosso, president of the Pep Club, and also P.H.S. director of WBRK's Hi-Fi Club, represented our school on the platform. An enthusiastic crowd from both schools watched the St. Joe cheerleaders overcome ours in the traditional tug-of-war. Many other games and races were also played.

Friday night, following Pittsfield High's 18 to 6 victory in the afternoon, the Victory Dance was held in the Y.M.C.A. gym. This dance also drew a large crowd.

MUSIC NOTES

Anyone who has ventured within one hundred yards of the Music Room on Wednesday afternoons is undoubtedly aware of the fact that the Choraleers are in full swing at this time. According to Mr. Wayne, this is the best group he has had to work with in years. They certainly are the loudest! Their repertoire includes everything from hymns to the Christmas music for the Christmas program. An encouraging number of boys decided to join the group and they most certainly are well-versed in music such as this one ought to make a musical production an even bigger rigadloon. (By the way, how much credence is in the rumor that this year we'll have *Die Fledermaus*?)

The school has also seen a great deal of activity since school started. Not only has it participated in all our rallies and appeared at all assemblies, but it has also marched in the Halloween and Veterans' Day parades. The marching routine at the St. Joe game was impressive.

The orchestra, so far, has performed at the Parents' Night and at our Christmas concert.

Mr. Wayne is now at work collecting a group of especially talented students for a special choral section. These students rehearse after school on Thursdays.

CASEY'S COLUMN

Hi fans—still behaving?—Bet you aren't! For example: Joanne Goyette and Joan Rhinehart—have you paid your dues for the Janitor Union? . . . Won't someone please give Stephen Gordon a leash for his briefcase . . . Mr. Bordeau—potesne loqui Latinae? . . . Paul O'Gara—how do you spell Mr. Brophy? Is it H-O-S-E? . . . Should Ellen Perlman give

Jay Guisti "dragging" lessons? . . . How about granting Mr. Edwards a year's leave-of-absence to enable him to write a *good* German II textbook . . . Cheryl Frame believes in literally "turning the tables"—she practices on those in the cafeteria . . . Jean Sarmuk has been dubbed "egg"-head of the year—by some disappointed Adams High football fans . . . Someone had better get rid of that platform in 149 before Miss Millet meets with disaster . . . Calling all boys: Dick Petruzella has patented a formula for having a "swinging" time—have a dance with *two* girls . . . Wonder if Bernie Carmell has to set those curls every night . . . Miss Murphy—next time you lose your glasses, try looking on top of your head . . . Jim Gaffey believes in "kookie" German translations . . . Anyone want to donate a seat belt to keep Terry Cronin from falling out of his chair? . . . When everyone around you starts whipping out his sun glasses, that's a sure sign that Mardi Williams is wearing her "stunning" vest again . . . But surely, Jill Lanfair, you must have known who was running for President of the U. S. . . . Shawn—would you be interested in joining the Pittsfield ROTC? . . . Three cheers, seriously, for the great show of spirit of those attending the P.H.S.-St. Joe rally after school last month . . . Janice Beck—are you still swingin' high? . . . No, No! Carole—P.H.S. cheerleaders don't cheer during the St. Joe half of the rally . . . That's what we like about Hugh Quirk—he believes in getting "wrapped up" in his work . . . What some girls won't do for shiny hair—Linda Winslow uses *floor wax* in hers! . . . Mary Collins, *where* did you learn to play football? . . . One thing we'll say for Bob O'Connor—his book covers are certainly *original*! . . . Advice to Pete Marchand—he who keepeth mouth *shut* doesn't get bullet in tongue! . . . Just remember—I'll be watching you until Paula Dee manages to say the *right* thing at the *right* time.

Sean O'Casey

UP-TO-DATE CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Did you ever wonder how the traditional Christmas carols could be applied today? If you did (and even if you didn't), here is the answer.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear—the night before mid-terms
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen—the night after mid-terms
Joy to the World!—a "C" in physics
O Come, All Ye Faithful—detention hall
Silent Night—everyone is doing his homework for once
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing—teachers laying down the law
Away in a Manger—where books are put during vacation
The Kings of the East are Riding—Thursday night on North Street
Good King Wenceslaus—Mr. Hennessey
I Wonder as I Wander—lost in the maze of trigonometry
What Child is This?—he got an "A" on all his mid-terms
Deck the Halls—the "checkers" theme song

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

With imagination, anything is possible. Granted, some things may require a little more imagination than others to visualize; nevertheless, even the seemingly impossible can be pictured with an effort. For instance, can you imagine:

THE STUDENT'S PEN staff meeting its deadline?

George Garivaltis carrying an armload of books home?

Dick Ogle without Doug Pyres?

Somebody passing one of Mr. Gauvreau's exams?

Mark Belanger as a three-foot midget?

Mary Collins at a loss for words?

Ray Woitkowski with brown eyes?

Steve Hunt taking ballet?

Mary Jane White with laryngitis?

Bill Seely getting to French class on time?

Voice of Democracy Contest

THE PEN would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Judy Oltsch, a member of the Class of 1961, and Gayle Buckley, also a senior, who represented Pittsfield High in the local Voice of Democracy contest. Judy won the honor of representing our city in the Berkshire County finals. Whether or not she wins this and goes on to the state finals, we want both her and Gayle to know that we are proud of the fine job they have done.



THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

Here are the gifts which certain people around the school would *most* like to find in their Christmas stocking.

JIMMY FASSELL—a blank report card
JIMMY FARRELL—my eighteenth birthday
PETE FOSS—some new stuff
TOM GAGNE—the old stuff
CONNIE SHOREY—someone to do my homework for me
MR. BRODERICK—a patent for his “square root machine”
CHRIS SCELSI—a little red sports car
DONNA ANDERSEN—a scholarship to Colgate
ARTHUR STURGIS—a “B” in physics
DIANNE SWAINE—an hour between classes and five minutes to say you didn’t do your homework
ELLEN CHERTOK—an automatic ejector for party crashers
JOSH FOSS—a record by Bob Palmieri
CHET MILENSKY—the right to open the first popcorn concession on the moon
SHARON COLLINS—a machine to stop me from laughing
AL SKOGSBERG—a yo-yo
CAROLE PHILIPS—a yo-yo string
LYNNE ROSE—a one-way ticket to Hotchkiss
MISS MILLETT—a ramp to the platform in the language lab
PAUL O’GARA—a multiple choice test from Mr. Brophy
DAVE GIDDINGS AND TOM VARANKA—a Gillete Blue Blade

BILL BUTLER—someone to take my place at basketball practice so I won’t be tired out for the games
BRUCE THOMSON—some free trips to Syracuse
MARY COLLINS—a new zap gun
BILL CHIODO—two pounds of uranium
ANN ALCOMBRIGHT—a commission in the Navy
BARBARA GENEST—a chauffeur and prepaid way to all ski resorts
JILL LANFAIR—snow boy
CHERYL HOLMAN—a clock that makes time fly
JUDY SWEENEY—my little Marine
LINDA MARAUSZWSKI—a scholarship to North Adams State
MR. CAREY—brilliant pupils
PAT GARRITY—a change in pace
LORRAINE GILLETTE—a bird cage for sixth period study
MR. VREELAND—a successful experiment in electricity lab
FRED TALLAFERO—two “A’s” in every subject
JOANNE MCGOVERN—hour lunch periods
JANET DAVIDSON—skis with emergency brakes
MISS “MAC”—a longer day
CASEY CHIORGNO—a year’s contract with the Polo Club
JAY LA PLANTE—a 5-ft. 2-in. blue-eyed blonde
HOWARD BABBITT—more “extra-curricular” activities
STEVE COTTRELL—a secretary to do my typing for me in typing class
DENISE LEGAULT—a “D” in physics
SARA DAVIS—a trampoline
FRANK MONTEROSSO—a diamond-studded wobble board
MR. BROPHY—a diet book for Santa Claus so he can come down my chimney with more presents
ROSEMARY BELLAND—a doll with a crew cut
JOAN CONDRON—a robot man
JUDY NORTON—a tiger with wheels
ANN THOMSON—a law against homework



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

1960-1961

Seated, left to right: Maaja Sildoja and Chris Scelsi, Secretaries; Gayle Root, Girls' Vice-President.

Standing: Frank Monterosso, Treasurer; Bruce Thomson, President; James Farrell, Boys' Vice-President.

THE BATES AWARD

On Wednesday, November 30, Mr. Milton Lindholm, Dean of Admissions at Bates College, presented Pittsfield High with the President's Award for 1959-1960. This award is given annually to a high school which is represented at Bates by three or more graduates whose combined scholastic average is the highest in the college. P.H.S. won the award this year on the basis of the scholastic achievements of three alumni at Bates—William Holt, a sophomore, Barbara McMorris, a senior, and Adelaide Dorfman, a senior.

The inscription on this plaque reads:

“Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, presents to Pittsfield High School the President's Award for 1959-1960 for the highest scholastic average attained by any three representatives of a single secondary school.”

It is endorsed by Charles F. Phillips, President of Bates on the thirty-first day of October, 1960.

NATIONAL MERIT SCHOLARSHIP EXAMS

P.H.S. was privileged to have among its seniors, one National Merit semi-finalist, and ten students who received letters of commendation in the National Merit Scholarship qualifying test.

The semi-finalist was Stephen Bayliss. He is representative of the top two per cent in the nation of those who took the test.

Those who received letters of commendation for superior performance on the test are Pamela Badger, Donna Carpenter, Tim Donnelly, William Guidi, Gary Jaffe, Judy Oltsch, Ellen Perlman, Jane Proper, Gerry Terpak and Gary Williams.

TRI-HI-Y NOTES

This year Zeta-Tri-Hi-Y will co-sponsor the Snowball Dance with Sigma. Zeta has also sold butter bits recently to raise funds. The officers of Zeta are Bonnie Wigglesworth, president; Elaine Knox, vice-president; Pat Porter, secretary; Sue Leslie, treasurer; Joan Warman, warden-chaplain.

Elected to the Tri-Hi-Y, Hi-Y cabinet were Bonnie Wigglesworth, president; Cheryl Holman, vice-president; Alice Ward, secretary; Hugh Quirk, chaplain.

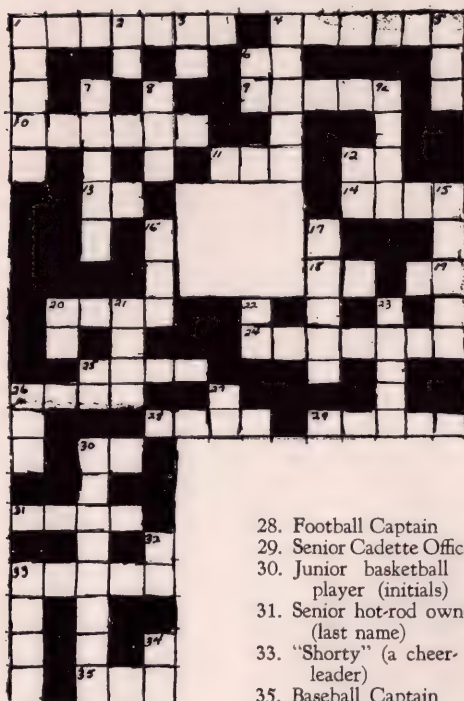
Again this year, as they have been in previous years, the members of Sigma-Tri-Hi-Y were very busy selling beat tags during football season. In January they will be co-sponsors of the Snowball Dance. Sigma has also made plans to sell candy mints. Their officers are Gayle Root, president; Melanie Douillet, vice-president; Midge Hunter, secretary; Cheryl Holman, treasurer; Chris Cooke, chaplain; Bev Kulas, warden.

Hinsdale resident: “What do you think of our little town?”

Pittsfield visitor: “It is the first cemetery I’ve ever seen with traffic lights.”

Peepul Puzzle

By Janet Davidson '62



ACROSS

1. Editor of THE PEN (last name)
4. Secretary of G.A.A.
6. Short Cadette who writes "poetry" (initials)
9. President of Pep Club
10. Junior President (1959) (last name)
11. Champion senior paper-unroller (initials)
12. Cheerleader (initials)
13. One of Senior secretaries (initials)
14. Vice-President of Student Council
18. Initials of Mad man
19. Co-chairman Cap and Gown Committee (initials)
20. Co-editor of THE DOME
24. Co-editor of Features
25. 1959 Junior Prom General Chairman
26. Advertising Manager for THE PEN

DOWN

1. Captain of Cheerleaders (last name)
2. Senior Cadette Officer ("carrot-top") (initials)
3. Not off
4. Co-editor of the year-book
5. Senior Pep Club officer
6. Sophomore quarterback (initials)
7. Senior Class President
8. Co-editor of Features
- 9a. G.A.A. President (last name)
12. Cheerleader (initials)
15. First name of Exchange Editors
16. Speedy junior football player
17. Basketball Co-Capt.
20. President of Student Council (initials)
21. Last name of cheerful Junior Cadette (Mad Anthony)

28. Football Captain
29. Senior Cadette Officer
30. Junior basketball player (initials)
31. Senior hot-rod owner (last name)
33. "Shorty" (a cheerleader)
35. Baseball Captain (nickname)

Ideals

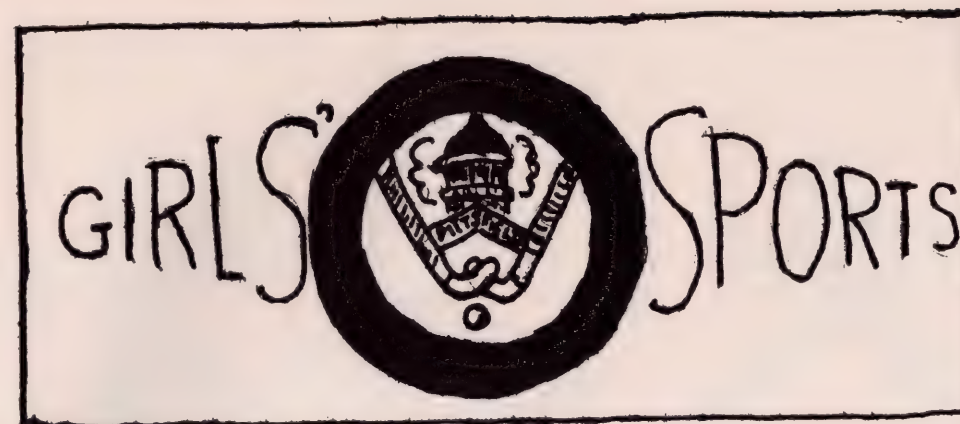
Our idea of the ideal P.H.S. senior girl is one with Mary Jane White's ambition, Mary Collin's personality, Jean McEnany's giggle, Sharon Collin's smile, Marie Cimini's enthusiasm, Sara Henry's brains, Phyllis Paige's figure, Linda Scullary's wardrobe, Barb Koza's athletic ability, Charlene Barrie's neatness, Donna Carpenter's musical ability, Sandy Case's friendliness, Melanie Douillet's individuality, Donna Merletto's impishness, Rosemary Trepacz's school spirit, Pat Mole's hair, Gayle Root's sense of humor, Nina Ballardini's efficiency, Ann Bates' determination.

The ideal boy would have Paul O'Gara's reserve, Bobby Magi's grin, Neil Hiltbold's nonchalance, Frank Monterosso's wit, Dick LaBarbera's sincerity, Red Soldato's athletic ability, Pete Foss's neatness, Bill Chiodo's merry laugh, Pete Marchand's cheerfulness, Jackie Polidoro's naturalness, Dave Gidding's physique, Marty Dunn's good looks, Ted Marchand's individuality, Wes Boyd's musical ability, Stephen Bayliss's brains, Dick Petruzella's friendliness, George Slocum's patience, Bruce Thomson's popularity.

The freshman girl, adorably coy,
Falls in love with the sophomore boy.
The sophomore boy, completely in bliss,
Admiringly looks to the junior miss.
The junior miss, with rapture and joy,
Has a big crush on the senior boy.
While the senior boy, who's in a whirl,
Secretly loves the freshman girl.

American Girl

22. Science Club President (initials)
23. Co-art editor (nickname)
25. Industrious Assistant Editor (initials)
26. Captain of the Hockey Team
27. Senior center-fielder on baseball team (initials)
30. Co-captain of the basketball team (last name)
32. Co-editor of Girls' Sports (initials)
33. Senior hot-rodder's "buddy"
34. Senior individualist (initials)



FIELD HOCKEY

The main autumn sport, field hockey, proved to be a successful one again this year, for many enthusiastic girls tried for berths on the teams; it was from these girls that the varsity sophomore, junior and senior teams were finally chosen.

Because the sophomores had excellent leadership and a strong team, they upset the juniors and nearly defeated the seniors. The final game of the season was held on Monday, November 14; the seniors won the tournament but only after quite a struggle against the determined sophomores.

The successful seniors were Chris Scelsi, Mary Arpante, Marie Cimini, Barb Koza, Denise Legault, Loraine Rilla, Nancy Rodda, Lucille Rholf, Maureen Carmell, Pam Badger, Linda Rholf, Gayle Root and Co-Captains Judy Martino and Rosemary Trepacz.

The spirited juniors played well despite their great opposition. The junior squad consisted of these players: Linda Winslow, Mardi Williams, Katy Redlin, Casey Chirgno, Mary Jane Cross, Jeanne Brown, Bev Richards, Diana Hart, Shirley Davis, Charlotte Warner, Ginny Robare, Mary Gibney, Norma Smith, Peggy Russ and Co-Captains Sara Davis and Sheila Conti.

The sophomores played extremely well and should be a tremendous threat against the seniors next year. The team was com-

posed of these girls: Betsey Heye, Ann Thomson, Mary Myers, Nancy Morris, Mary Ann Placido, Maureen Farr, Chris Edda, Judy Bramley, Ann Hassett and Co-Captains Judy Lanfair and Julie Marchand.

The schedule and results were as follows:

- Oct. 20 Sophomores 3, Juniors 1.
Oct. 24 Seniors 4, Sophomores 1
Oct. 25 Seniors 4, Juniors 2
Nov. 2 Sophomores 4, Juniors 2
Nov. 14 Seniors 3, Sophomores 1.

VOLLEYBALL

This year it looks as if there will be a large turnout for girls' volleyball. The girls from each class have already started practicing. The sophomores practice on Mondays and Thursdays. Tuesday is the practice day for the juniors, and on Wednesday the seniors practice.

The roundrobin volleyball teams went into action by the first of December. In the meantime, the girls practiced on their own class days. The teams are headed by either one or two senior girls, and there are usually eight or nine teams. Each girl on the winning roundrobin team will receive a numeral.

After Christmas vacation girls will be picked to play on the varsity teams.

G.A.A. NOTES

PIZZA PARTY

Approximately 175 members attended the G.A.A. Pizza Party on October 18. Sixty pizzas and several cases of Coke were served. Sophomore Jean Prentiss and senior Lorraine Rilla won the two season basketball tickets.

VOLLEYBALL PLAY-DAY

A volleyball playday for Berkshire County took place on November 19. Twenty-five members of the G.A.A. attended this in Sheffield where the southern Berkshire schools participated. The northern Berkshire schools met in Dalton.

ICE CAPADES

On December 4, Miss "Mac" accompanied approximately forty G.A.A. girls to the Springfield "Ice Capades." The G.A.A. paid for the full cost of the bus. Everyone enjoyed herself!

BASKETBALL CLINIC

On December 7, a member of the National Board of officials conducted a basketball clinic in the P.H.S. gym. She discussed rule changes and introduced new coaching techniques. Two girls from every interested area high school participated.

VOLLEYBALL PLAY-DAY

On Saturday, November 19, Mount Everett Regional High School in Sheffield played host to girls' volleyball teams from five schools in South Berkshire County. Approximately 25 G.A.A. girls from Pittsfield, accompanied by Miss "Mac", attended. The girls left Pittsfield at 8:45 and returned at 3:30.

Besides meeting new friends, learning new cheers, and playing hectic games of volleyball, the girls also witnessed a game between Mount Everett students and faculty.

PEN ALL-STAR TEAM

This is the second year that we of the Girls' Sports staff of THE PEN have given credit to the outstanding field hockey players. The all-stars were chosen by the senior, junior and sophomore varsity field hockey teams.

This year the all-star team is composed of five seniors and three sophomores. The girls chosen are: Forwards: Denise Legault, Lorraine Rilla, Betsey Heye; halfbacks: Lucille Rholf, Marianne Placido; fullbacks: Judy Bromley, Rosemary Trepacz; goalkeeper, Gayle Root.

Four juniors and three seniors received honorable mention. These girls are Sara Davis, Marie Cimini, Maureen Carmell, Jeanne Brown, Sheila Conti, Linda Rholf and Norma Smith.

ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Winslow (Linda)
4. Sheila (Conti)
6. A. A. (Arlene Arienti)
9. Frank (Monterosso)
10. Terpak (Gerry)
11. R. C. H. (Cheryl Holman)
12. C. Z. (Ceil Ziemak)
13. C. S. (Chris Scelsi)
14. Paul (O'Gara)
18. A. N. (Alfred Newman)
19. J. N. (Judi Norton)
20. Gary (Jaffe)
24. Barbara (Genest)
25. Mary (Collins)
26. Joan (Condon)
28. Dave (Giddings)
29. Gayle (Root)
30. B. B. (Billy Butler)
31. Ogle (Dick)
33. Donna (Merletto)
35. Red (Soldato)

DOWN

1. White (Mary Jane)
2. S. C. (Sharon Collins)

3. On

4. Sarah (Henry)
5. Ann (Bates)
6. A. F. (Al Francis)
7. Bruce (Thomson)
8. Pam (Badger)
- 9a. Koza (Barb)
12. C. P. (Carole Panesco)
15. Linda (Scullary and Shalett)
16. Ray (Woitkowski)
17. Larry (Doughty)
20. G. W. (Gary Williams)
21. Ryan (Toni)
22. H. B. (Howard Babbitt)
23. Casey (Chiorgno)
25. M. A. (Marcia Anderson)
26. Jim (Hickey)
27. T. V. (Tom Varanka)
30. Belanger (Mark)
32. M. A. (Mary Arpante)
33. Doug (Pyres)
34. M. D. (Melanie Douillet)

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Darling, you're my whole world—big, fat and round.



P.H.S. BASKETBALL

As happens every year, December rolls around and brings with it the commencement of the basketball season. This year's basketball team at P.H.S. has five men returning from last year's squad. They are Co-captains Mark Belanger and Larry Doughty, Tom Gagne, Bill Nagelschmidt, and Fred Taliaferro. Also from last year's Junior Varsity, there are many players who are vying for positions on this year's varsity.

This year must be termed a rebuilding one, for of the five returning varsity players only Mark Belanger was a member of the starting five. Larry Doughty is the only other member of the squad who has seen considerable game experience, for he was seventh man on last year's team.

However, don't count this team out of the picture. In 1959 five of the first six graduated, and we all know how well last year's team did. They were *only* the second best team in Western Massachusetts! Therefore, because of the spirit this year's team displays and its ability to play clutch basketball, I, for one, plan to travel to Springfield in March to watch these boys play in the Western Massachusetts Schoolboy Basketball Tournament!

SPORT QUIZ

1. The Boston Celtics had as their high scorer in 1959—
2. —, whose points per game average was —, smashed eight all-time N.B.A. records in 1959.

3. The Syracuse Nationals' new coach is —.

4. Who, in the N.B.A., is known as "Little Dugie"?

5. — was the highest scoring guard in the league last year.

6. The president of the National Basketball Association is —.

7. The former Minneapolis Lakers, who have since moved to Los Angeles, have a new coach. Who is he?

8. — of Purdue is an All-American and Olympic forward; he smashed seven Purdue scoring records in 1959.

9. The national champion "Buckeyes" of Ohio State had the best team scoring average in the nation in 1959. What was it?

10. —, —, and — were the highest scoring frontcourt trio in the N.B.A. in 1959 with 5,157 points. Who were they?

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ:

1. Tom Heinsohn—21.7 points per game.
2. Wilt Chamberlain—37.6 ppg.
3. Alex Hannum.
4. Slater Martin.
5. Gene Shue—22.8 ppg.
6. Maurice Podoloff.
7. Fred Schaus.
8. Terry Dischinger.
9. 91.6 ppg.
10. Bob Pettit, Cliff Hagan, and Clyde Lovellette.

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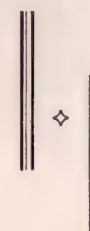
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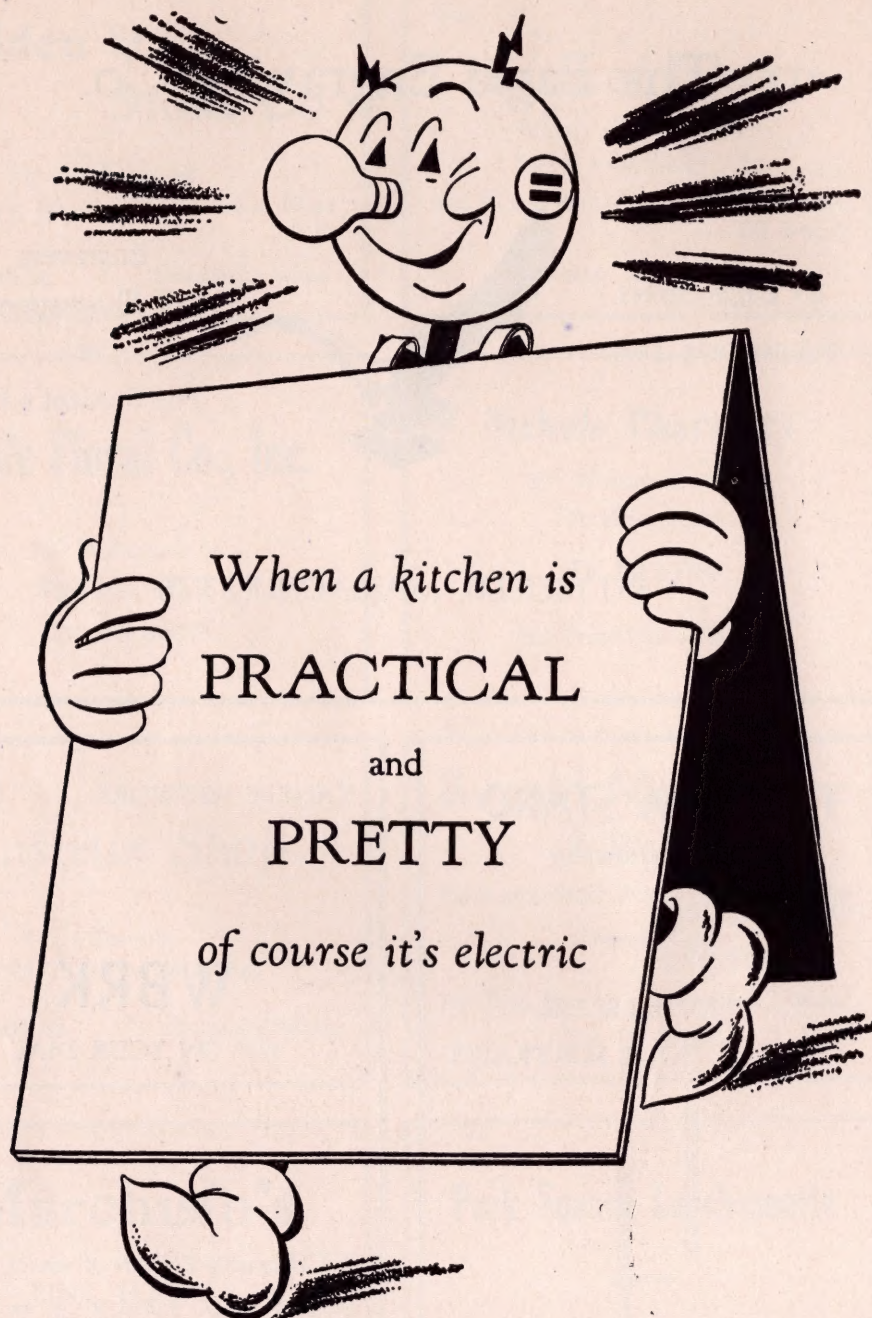
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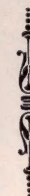


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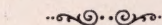
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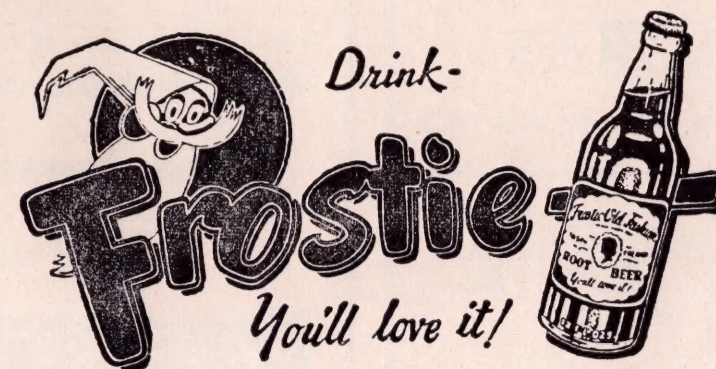
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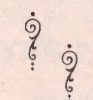
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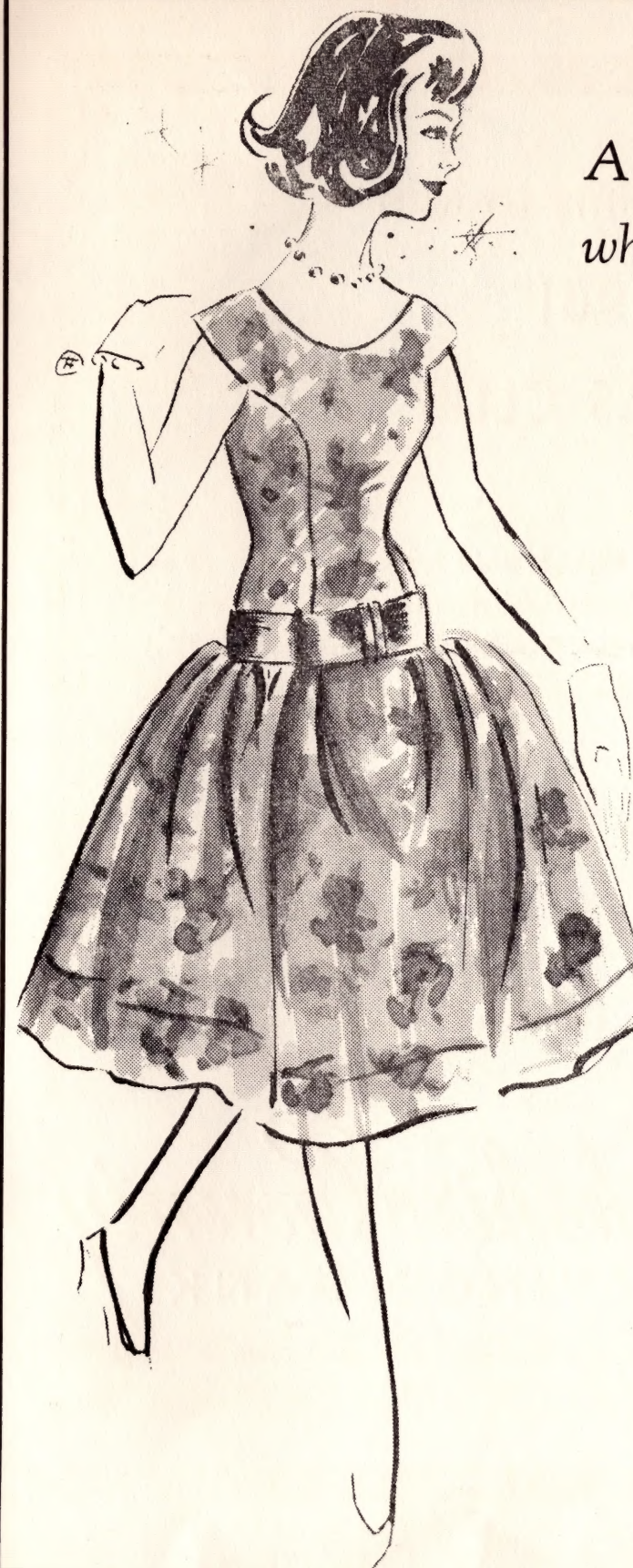
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